

glass works. The green hills by which it is surrounded contrast pleasantly with its somewhat grimy and smoky streets.

A short run by rail brings one down to Pictou Harbour, on the opposite side of which, sloping gracefully up from the water-side, is the old and wealthy town of Pictou, with about 4,000 inhabitants. Pictou has the honour of having given to Canada two of its most distinguished men—Sir J. W. Dawson, Principal of McGill University, Montreal, and the Rev. Dr. Grant, Principal of Queen's University, Kingston.

For a considerable distance east of New Glasgow the country is monotonous and uninteresting, though the glorious sunlight glittering on the ever-restless aspens and the lichen-covered rocks, brightens into beauty, what under a dull sky must be a sufficiently dreary outlook. At length, in the distance loom up the twin-towers of a huge cathedral, and the train draws up at the pretty Catholic village of Antigonish—the most picturesque in eastern Nova Scotia. The scene at the station is like a bit of Lower Canada—two nuns in a caleche, a couple of prie. a group of seminary students. But the people are Scottish, not French, Catholics. The cathedral is dedicated to the Scottish Saint, Ninian, and on the façade is the Gaelic inscription, *Tighe Dhe*—"the House of God." The Antigonish mountains, reaching an altitude of a thousand feet, trend off northward in a bold cape into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Tracadie is a small French settlement on the railway, commanding a splendid view of St. George's Bay and the Gulf. Here is a wealthy monastery, belonging to the Trappists, the most severe of the monastic orders. The monks, who are mostly from Belgium, add the business of millers to their more spiritual functions. The people belong to the old Acadian race, which gave such a pathetic interest to this whole region.

The railway runs on to the strait of Canseau, amid picturesque mountains, commanding magnificent views over the Gulf. This strait, the great highway between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the North Atlantic Coast, is some fourteen miles in length and about a mile in width. It is of itself a picture worth coming far to see, on account of its natural beauty; but when on a summer's day hundreds of sail are passing through, the scene is one to delight an artist's soul. On the Nova Scotia side the land is high and affords a glorious view, both of the strait and of the western section of Cape Breton. The prospect both up and down the strait is pleasing in the extreme.